

MOVIES WITH WAKOSKI

Diane and I sitting in the dark
like sitting in a death you actually want,
a death you have
always wished for, looking toward
the lights of Hollywood, the long legs
of swimmers, cocktails and rum made out of water
and iodine. Earlier that day
something like twelve city blocks crumbled inside me
every time I thought of Erika
and how walking toward her always felt perfect
like a silver key with a red ribbon announcing
its specialness and how I would suddenly burn away
like a shot of whiskey some bride-to-be dropped
a match into. Somewhere Johnny Depp is sleeping
or turning to his right because a woman is there
and has touched his elbow with the soft cloud of her fingers,
or he's facing the mirror and listening to all the gods
inside him begin to rage; the god of childhood and the god
of his mother, his father. Diane and I are standing
on a street corner together
in the world, after the credits, in the crushed-ice rain,
looking westward toward the dark-sunglass-
Coppertone-white-beach-heaven that waits for us and us alone.

- Matthew Dickman